

# Story of O

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**Please note that this extract contains scenes of an adult nature**

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# STORY OF O

# I

## *The Lovers of Roissy*

Her lover one day takes O for a walk, but this time in a part of the city – the Parc Montsouris, the Parc Monceau – where they've never been together before. After they've strolled awhile along the paths, after they've sat down side by side on a bench near the grass, and got up again, and moved on towards the edge of the park, there, where two streets meet, where there never used to be any taxi-stand, they see a car, at that corner. It looks like a taxi, for it does have a meter. 'Get in,' he says; she gets in. It's late in the afternoon, it's autumn. She is wearing what she always wears: high heels, a suit with a pleated skirt, a silk blouse, no hat. But she has on long gloves reaching up to the sleeves of her jacket, in her leather handbag she's got her papers, and her compact and lipstick. The taxi eases off, very slowly; nor has the man

next to her said a word to the driver. But on the right, on the left, he draws down the little window-shades, and the one behind too; thinking that he is about to kiss her, or so as to caress him, she has slipped off her gloves. Instead, he says: 'I'll take your bag, it's in your way.' She gives it to him, he puts it beyond her reach; then adds: 'You've too much clothing on. Unhitch your stockings, roll them down to just above your knees. Go ahead,' and he gives her some elastics to hold the stockings in place. It isn't easy, not in the car, which is going faster now, and she doesn't want to have the driver turn around. But she manages anyhow, at last; it's a queer, uncomfortable feeling, the contact of silk of her slip upon her naked and free legs, and the unattached garters are sliding loosely back and forth across her skin. 'Undo your garter-belt,' he says, 'take off your 'panties.' There's nothing to that, all she has to do is get at the hook behind and raise up a little. He takes the garter-belt from her hand, he takes the panties, opens her bag, puts them away inside it; then he says: 'You're not to sit on your slip or on your skirt, pull them up and sit on the seat without anything in between.' The seat-covering is a sort of leather, slick and chilly; it's a very strange sensation, the way it sticks and clings to her thighs. Then he says: 'Now put your gloves back on.' The taxi goes right along and she doesn't dare ask why René is so quiet, so still, or

what all this means to him: she so motionless and so silent, so denuded and so offered, though so thoroughly gloved, in a black car going she hasn't the least idea where. He hasn't told her to do anything or not to do it, but she doesn't dare either cross her legs or sit with them held together. One on this side, one on that side, she rests her gloved hands on the seat, pushing down.

'Here we are,' he says all of a sudden. Here we are: the taxi comes to a stop on a fine avenue, under a tree – those are plane trees – in front of a small mansion, you could just see it, nestled away between courtyard and garden, the way the Faubourg Saint-Germain mansions are. There's no streetlight nearby, it is dark inside the cab, and outside rain is falling. 'Don't move,' says René. 'Don't move a muscle.' He extends his hand towards the neck of her blouse, unties the ribbon at the throat, then unbuttons the buttons. She leans forward ever so little, and believes he is about to caress her breasts. But no; he's got a small penknife out, he's only groping for the shoulder-straps of her brassiere, he cuts the straps, removes the brassiere. He has closed her blouse again and now, underneath, her breasts are free and nude, like her belly and thighs are nude and free, like all of her is, from waist to knee.

'Listen,' he says. 'You're ready. Here's where I leave you. You're going to get out and go to the

door and ring the bell. Someone will open the door, whoever it is you'll do as he says. You'll do it right away and willingly of your own accord, else they'll make you, if you don't obey at once, they'll make you obey. What? No, you don't need your bag any more. You don't need anything, you're just the whore, I'm the pimp who's furnishing you. Yes, certainly, I'll be there, sure. Now go.'

Another version of the same beginning was simpler, more direct: similarly dressed, the young woman was taken off in a car by her lover and by a second man, an unknown friend of his. The stranger drove, the lover was seated beside the young woman; and the one who did the talking, the friend, the unknown stranger in front, explained to the young woman that her lover's task was to prepare her, that he was now going to tie her hands behind her back, unfasten her stockings and roll them down, remove her garter-belt, her panties, her brassiere, and blindfold her; that afterwards she would be taken to the château where she would receive instructions in due course, as events required. And so indeed it had been: once undressed and bound in this manner, and after about a thirty minutes' drive, she was helped out of the car and marched a few steps. Still blindfolded, she passed one or two doors and then found herself alone, the blindfold gone,

standing in a darkened room where she was left for half an hour, for an hour, for two – I don't know, but it seemed as though it were an age. When the door finally opened and the light was turned on, you could see that she'd been waiting in a room, just a room, comfortable, yet odd. There was a thick carpet on the floor, but not a stick of furniture in that room. The walls were lined with cupboards. Two girls opened the door – two pretty young women costumed like eighteenth-century chambermaids, with long, light, puffy skirts that came to the floor, tight bodices that made the bust rise and swell and that were laced or hooked in back, gauze kerchiefs at the neck, wearing elbow-length gauze gloves to match. Their eyes and mouths were painted. Each wore a collar around her neck and bracelets on her wrists.

And then I know that they released O's hands, until that point still tied behind her back, and told her to undress. They were going to bathe her and make her up. But they made her stand still; they did everything for her, they stripped her and laid her clothes neatly away in one of the cupboards. They did not let her do her own bathing, they washed her themselves and set her hair just as hairdressers would have, making her sit in one of those big chairs that tilt backwards when your hair is being washed and then come up again when the

drier is applied. That took at least an hour. She was seated nude in the chair and they prohibited her from either crossing her legs or pressing them together. As, on the opposite wall, there was a mirror running from floor to ceiling and straight ahead of her, in plain view, every time she glanced up she caught sight of herself, of her open body.

When she was made up, her eyelids lightly shadowed, her mouth very red, the point and halo of her nipples rouged, the sides of the lips of her sex reddened, a lingering scent applied to the fur of her armpits and her pubis, to the crease between her buttocks, to beneath her breasts and the palms of her hands, she was led into a room where a three-sided mirror and, facing it, a fourth mirror on the opposite wall enabled, indeed obliged, her to see her own image reflected. She was told to sit on a hassock placed between the mirrors, and to wait. The hassock was upholstered with prickly black fur; the rug was black, the walls red. She wore red slippers. Set in one of the little boudoir's walls was a casement window giving out upon a magnificent but sombre, formal garden. The rain had stopped and the trees were swaying in the wind while the moon raced high among the clouds. I don't know just how long she remained in the red boudoir, nor if she really was alone, as she thought she was, for someone may perhaps have been watching her through a peephole

disguised somewhere in the wall. What I do know is that when the two chambermaids returned, one was carrying a tape-measure and the other had a basket over her arm. With them came a man wearing a trailing violet robe with sleeves cut wide at the shoulder and gathered in at the wrist; as he walked, the robe showed to be open at the waist. You could make out that he was in some kind of tights which covered his legs and thighs but left his sex free. It was the sex that O saw first, then the whip made of strands of leather, the whip was stuck in his belt, then she noticed that the man was masked in a black hood completed by a section of black gauze hiding his eyes – and finally she noticed the fine black kid-gloves he was wearing. He ordered her not to move, he told the women to hurry. The one with the tape took the measure of O's neck and wrists. Although somewhat small, her sizes were in no way out of the ordinary, and they had no trouble selecting a suitable collar and bracelets from the assortment contained in the basket. Both collar and bracelets were fashioned of many layers of thin leather, the whole being no thicker than a finger, fitted with a catch that worked automatically, like a padlock, and which needed a key to be opened. Next to the catch, and imbedded in the leather, was a metal ring. They fitted snugly, but not so tightly as to chafe or break the skin. After they had been set in

place, the man told her to rise. He himself sat on the fur-covered hassock and made her approach until she stood against his knees. He passed his gloved hand between her thighs and over her breast and explained to her that she would be presented that same evening after she had dined. Still nude, she took her meal alone in a kind of small cabin; an unseen hand passed the plates to her through a little window. When she had finished eating, the two maids came for her again. In the boudoir, they had her put her hands behind her back and secured them there by means of the rings of her wristbands; they draped a long red cape over her shoulders, and it was fastened to the ring set in her collar. The cape covered her completely, but with her hands behind her back that way she couldn't prevent it from opening when she walked. One woman preceded her, and opened the doors; the second followed, and shut them again. They filed through a vestibule, through two drawing-rooms, and entered the library where four men were at coffee. They wore the same flowing robes as the first she had seen, but were not masked. Nevertheless, O did not have time to observe their faces or recognize whether her lover was there (he was), for one of the men trained a spotlight upon her face, dazzling her. Everyone stood in silence, the women on either side, the men in front, watching her. Then

the light was switched off and the women went away, but a blindfold had been placed over O's eyes. Stumbling a bit, she was made to advance and could sense that she was standing before the fire around which the four men had been grouped. In the quiet, she could hear the soft crackling of the logs and feel the heat; she was facing the fire. Two hands lifted away her cape, two others checked the clasp on her wristbands and descended inspectingly down over her buttocks. These hands were not gloved, and one of them simultaneously penetrated her in two places – so brusquely that she let out a cry. Some voice laughed. Another said: 'Turn her around so we can see her breasts and belly.' She was turned about, and now it was on her buttocks that she felt the glow of the fire. A hand moulded itself round one of her breasts, squeezed, a mouth closed upon the nipple of her other breast. Suddenly, she lost her balance and tottered backwards into unknown arms. At the same instant, her legs were spread apart and her lips gently worked open – hair grazed the inner surfaces of her thighs. She heard a voice declare that she ought to be made to kneel, and she was. It was painful to be on her knees, seated on her heels in the position nuns take when they pray.

'You've never imposed physical restraints, for example tied her up?'